nant of men together that afternoon, had what few cattle butchered that had lodged in the snow, and as night came on and the crust of snow hardened, the little band set forward, silent, slowly, in single file, through the great solemn woods to cross the Sierras. Each mad had a horse and drew a sled. The sled was often only the hide of a bullock, with blankets, bread, bacon, arms, amuni-tion, anything indeed that fell to the lot of the man who drew the sledge in the general distribution of provisions. Here were stout, during, audicious hearts now! There is not room or need to say more. But pray give this brave and single little remnant of an army tender respect. Napoleon on the Alps, the hunchback Hannibal before him were simply luxurious robbers in comparison with this sobered and earnest little string of men on their tortuous way through the pines to recover a kingdom that had been est to civilization. Cortex drawing his ships by piecemeal over the Isthmus knew nothing half so terrible in that warm and luxurious land. For here with us on the the very first night nearly every man had feet, face, or hands badly frozen. And the wolves! Before it was yet quite full dawn we were compelled to form a solid circle, with our faces to the wolves; our sleds and horses in the center. And such beautiful teeth! We sat down on our sleds facing the wolves. The wolves promptly sat down right before us, their great red tongues lolling out of their hun-gry mouths, the behutiful white teeth glisening in perilous contrast. Two sleds of sees had been already captured and instantly devoured. "Look here! I've cut myself somehow," whispered one of the men who had lost a sled. We only discovered that he was kurt by the blood that made the white snow red. This poor fellow was reputed to be a professional pickpocket when at home in the enjoyment of civilization and liberty. But he was a good soldier here, and did not even cry out when a wolf tore away a handful of flesh from his leg; but he merely laid it to some accidental awkwardness of his, had his leg bandaged as we all sat there, shivering and looking down into a thousand hungry throats, waiting, praying for sunrise. But had that poor pickpocket by sign or sound indicated that the wolves had begun to eat our men as well as our provisions, there would probably red epitaph over the common grave of the "army of Northern California!"

When light came and the wolves went back a little from our faces we made roaring fires and broiled or rather burned our beef so that it would be less heavy, and finally less attractive to the wolves in these terrible marches at night.

While this was being done I posted on alone with Captain Rodgers, whom I had come to know and greatly respect, if not to quite yet trust, to see if possible if there was any abatement in the tremendous depth of snow. For our sleds were now all worn and broken, our horses were weak and fail-ing for want of food. After an hour or so we crossed a huge bear track, or rather what Rodgers call a bear track. It was simply the track of about 20 Modocs on the war path! They were going toward my own camp. But I kept my own counsel. There was no turning back now. To tell the worn and half-hearted band of men that the Modoc was also with us would have insured a sort of paralysis. It was push on now of

This "bear track" at this time and place could mean but one thing-and how you need a map of the whole thing herethat was war between the three Indian tribes that hovered about the base of Mount Shasta. Either this or the Modocs were merely on their way to my camp for cattle. This broad bear track was pointing direct for either my cattle or the scalps of my Indians. In either case the only immediate danger to the little army was the danger of

s mountain of snow from which the mendo s mountain of show from gradies and flowers of the desolated valley could be seen. It was here that I had could be seen. It was here that I had rested with my two young Indians both on going to and returning from the scene of massacre. We had left a letter here in Indian characters; and as these two Indians who had created the panic before mentioned had probably passed this way I hoped to find a new letter from them here. I was not disappointed. It took some patient search, some circuitous and tedious delay, which I have not time to set down; but this is the letter I found on the inner side of a scale of sugar-pine bark. Bear in mind that the sugar nine tree is always used by the Shasta Indians. You might search the forest in vain for any sign on any other tree than the sugar pine. But here is the letter:



To translate this may be tedious, but it is absolutely necessary. In the first place then the arrow is my name. The five dots to the left are merely complimentary adjec-"My five times brave tives, as if to say: "My five times brave and upright and five times faithful brother." You see these Indians never count more than five. If they wish to say "six" they simply say "five and one," and so on. Twenty-five is told by saying five times five. The arrow was given me as the sign of my name because I had once been dangerously shot in the face with an arrow. The moon, dry and cold, and just so many days old, is the date of the letter. And now here is all the news; and most important it was, as you will see. The sign of the Modoc is the reed, or rather the tule; a long slim line represents the tule. This shows the early ory of the Modoc on his "floating among the reeds and tules of the lakes. The awkward figure looking like a demoralized hour-glass represents the Pitt You see they come by time round from an immemorial custom of defending themselves against inva-sion by keeping a continual girdle of blind drawn around the edge of their vast and fertile valley. As these blind pits had sharpened elk and deer antiers at the bot-tom, to say nothing of deadly pointed spears set point upward, you may well understand that they were terrible enough to give a the valley, lay miles and miles of snowname to any people. And do you see here the tule or reed, although badly broken, is thrust downward entirely through the pit? You can easily read that the battle was a bloody one, and that many Modoes were killed as well as many more of their ene-

And what does the awkward and helpless and overturned heart mean? And what is the round and hopeless little circle for? Ah me! If I were only permitted to write of that! It I had only contracted to write of love, and not entirely of war in this story, then I could tell all. But surely I may be indulged to explain this tender little postthoughtful and loving letter. Briefly, then, the year before some half hostile and wholly wild Indians had visited my camp with a white girl, whom they pro-posed to sell for two horses. The girl could posed to sell for two horses. The girl could that the hard campaign with these coarse not talk to me, or understand a word. She and brutal men could be forever remembered had been a captive since a baby. And as as a golden day. she did not want to come to me, and as I From my journ would have surely been misunderstood, I time, but mostly in the Indian sign, as that speaks?

did not buy her, but waited, hoping some was briefer, I read that "on the first new "yeoman" was briefly and not buy set, but waited, hoping some white men might come my way and help me moon of the third month we were camped on the Bible should alike have used the wood with their presence and advice. And that was all; I had never seen her anymore. But I had kept up constant inquiry for her, and third day of the new moon we had four water. The melting snow had made the Inhad sent word to Lieutenant Cook, now General Cook, and famous in many wars, who was then in charge of the nearest mili-tary post, of the inct about this poor white girl prisoner. Of course when the massacre took place the first question in my mind was as to the fate of the white girl who was a prisoner among that nomadic band'of

Did I forget to say that she was beautiful? Beautiful she was as any dream of beauty. She was sad and silent, pitcously sad. She has stood pulling at the tasseled tops of some tall grass at the side of the trail as the Indians sat on their ponies hartering. That was all she did, and said

nothing. She only looked at me once out of her great sad eyes that nearly all the time kept looking down. And she did not speak, in any tongue, when I spoke to her. And she would not come to me when I asked her to. Nor did she give me ber hand when I offered her mine. And so she went away. But I thought, after she was gone that night, she did not dare show any concern or emotion. I thought and I thought a thou-sand things, indeed. I finally offered my young Indians the two horses for her. Finally I offered to give two herses for even any information about her.

Let the fact be at once and frankly con-fessed that it is doubtful if I should have gone down into the valley of death after the massacre but for the memory and the hope of this beautiful, sad and silent girl. And this brings us back to the postscript of the Indians' letter on a bit of sugapine

bark, which may be translated thus; "As for the matter of the beautiful girl whose fate and sad fortune has quite turned your tender heart upside down, we can only say that we have learned nothing at all; and all our search and inquiry has ended where we began, in this narrow little circle." And now let us return to the cold and

cruel page of war, and forget so far as possible the sad face and the great lustrous eyes that may still be seen after all these years looking out through nearly any line of "The Songs of the Sierras." It is best to try to believe that after all she was wholly indifferent to her condition. If one could only think of her as a half savage, as a Mexican girl, as anything almost but a sensitive, sad and shrinking captive, silent rom the very awe and calamity of her position, from the memory of a dead mother in the grass with babes about her, the father falling gun in hand, dying to defend her! Oh, the untold tragedies written in blood on these forest leaves! Let us hasten away.

CHAPTER IV. A WILD CAMPAIGN.

"Let us sacrifice to the gods, as did good old Ulysses," said Captain Rodgers that night as we were again about to set forward in that dreadful march through the wilderness-the wolves! the snow! And in imitation of the grand old cattle thief of the have been a two-second panie! Then some liliad, whom Homer allows to land and few white bones on the bloody snow: the steal upon cattle at his pleasure, we laid Illiad, whom Homer allows to land and horns, hides, hoof, all parts indeed that we did not want-as did old Ulysses-on the roaring log fires as we filed past in a long and dreary black line over and through the



The March Over the Mountain

white snow. And if the "savor thereof" danger to the little army was the danger of a panic. But this is the most fearful danger that any man has to meet in war, especially in the wilderness, where the wild beasts, where even the elements conspire to destroy.

Captula Rodgers sat down to rest and I went of alone to the top of a bold and tree. satisfaction of leaving the greater part of these shaggy and sharp-toothed creatures sitting in solemn circle around the edge of our deserted camp, their noses and long necks reaching forward. All night and all next day that weary and worn line of men struggled on in sullen silence toward the summit of the high bald mountain from which the great valley with its grasses and its gorgeous flowers could be seen. Sleds, horses, men and most important of all even guns and ammunition lay along that line of march almost from one end to the other. The men were too weak and worn to fight or even quarrel among themselves any more. And that is saying they were pretty weak.

A warm south wind had been soughing

through the towering pines almost from the oment we set out from the camp of wolves. This singular bit of good fortune saved us, st many of us, from being literally eaten alive. For the warm winds and the melting snows drove the wolves back toward their haunts in the high Sierras, or at least kept them from crowding us too closely.

And now we were beset by a singular bird, the garulous magpie. This gaudy bird of gray and black and white and parti-colored plumage had been increasing in numbers from the day we first began this march through the Sierras. And now with the warm weather they were in clouds. From the first this noisy and insolent bird had sat on the backs of our pack-animals, where now should you write and ask him all you their backs were sore, and literally eaten them alive. And now they had grown so audacious that they would perch on even the best of our animals and pick at their eyes. We had to blanket and blindfold our saddle horses to keep them from being devoured alive by these magpies! I have mentioned the fact that the winter had been one of incredible severity, and this may account in some sort for this plague of birds, as well as wolves. It took us many days to

"pull ourselves together" on the summit of that high bald mountain with the green sea of grass rolling in billows at its base.

But how glorious was this glad face of nature, after the long and continued and most miserable and inglorious contact with the face of man! Never shall I forget those for any flowers; the perfume of them that came up to us in the snow from their frank and open hearts. There was a fringe of yellow on the outer line of the great green valley. Buttercups! Millions and myriad of millions of golden buttercups! And the Cali ornia poppy! Away out in the heart of the valley, where the two rivers surging full from the melting snows gathered their white hyacinths. This wild hyacinth is odor-less here, but it is perfect in its beauty. In the heart of this wild white sea of sudden-born blossoms slowly rose the smoke of many wigwams. The Indians had gathered their forces and taken up their defense on one of the many islands. This was to be our battlefield. The plan of campaign This was formed itself almost instantly in my mind, and that feature of the work before me was dismissed. I did not like to think of that. went to war, by the smell of burning yew I had had enough of strife, of hard and hor- wood. The Indian stronghold was more rible enmity with man. I wanted the flowers now. I wanted peace, rest. But above all, I wanted to once more see the sad, sweet face of that silent captive who had been brought to me in my own camp only the year before. If I could only find her only once see her face it seemed to me

From my journal, kept regularly all this third day of the new moon we had four fights over my election as captain," Captain Rodgers being deposed by the popular vote "because he wore, or rather had worn, a white shirt." How that I, a boy, sensitive, shy, frail and slender as a girl, was in full command of this raiserable squad of humanity, with pickpockets and jailbirds in the majority—and, indeed, to these I owed my election! I set to work at once to descent most places the water was too deep, and the glection! I set to work at once to descent most places the water was too deep, and the glection of the set of the se election! I set to work at once to descend through the fast melting snow and open an aggressive war even before the arrival of re-

her, only once see her face, it seemed to me

inforcements from the South.

By this time Roagers, the deposed exptain, who still wore the fading glories of the
offensive white shirt, and I had become as
brothers. I told him of the war that

risen between the three tribes, to the existence of which we surely owed the preserva-tion of this motley mob. "All Gaul is di-vided into three parts," said Rodgers gaily, quoting from Casar in good Latin. Does it read strangely to you that this man, here in these remote mountains, nearly 40 years ago, should also have shouted out, in Greek, the glorious cry of the Ten Thousand when he, and he alone, stood at my side and first saw that sea of flowers below? Well, strange or not strange, I can only tell the

How bitter are the little fends between halpless little settlements and frontier towns! And Josephus tells us that there never was, in all history, such hatred as arose between the followings of John and of Simon at the time when Titus, the son of Vespasias, sat down in siege around about Jerusalem. Well, in these awful enmities read the reason and secret of our being able to pierce the heart of a hostile Indian country, to cut through the heart of the Sierras, indeed, at a time worse than midwinter, to sit down at the door of a brave and power ful enemy without firing a single gun. The "three cornered" war among the Indians made our approach not only possible, but perfectly secure. The Modoc was delighted to see us descend upon the Pitt river, while he paid his attention to the Shasta. They did not greatly dread us then. They did not hate us half so bitterly as they hated one another.

It was indeed full blown spring when set foot among the flowers at the base of the terrible spurs of Mount Shasta. The men shouted with wild and tumultuous delight. The horses, relieved of their loads, rolled on the knee-deep grass; they threw their weary heels in the air on the third day, and, like men, began to grow impatient of peace. Four fights I find recorded for the third day! Indians began to hover about us. They were tightening their lines and drawing their numbers in increased strength to a solid circle, as did the wolves back in the fearful heights of snow. The singular good fortune of the little army in escaping all peril thus far had made it insolent. It was ambitions to do battle before the arrival of reinforcements

'When will we fight those red devils?" "We will fight when I get ready to fight." That night the mob held another election, That night the mob held another election, and there was a new captain. This time the toughs chose one of their own number, the fell on his back as I ran up and kicked at

best of their number, it is true. But that is not high praise of the new captain.

We had fired a good many shots, and we had also gathered up many arms that had been sent us in return. But what the new captain most desired was not a dead but a live Indian, and who could tell him how near reinforcements were, and also tell the strength and coudition of hostile camps. And with the capture of the live Indian in view, the new captain, not at all a commander, signaled his election to office by taking off his shoes and taking after and attaking off his shoes and taking after and attempting to run down and capture an Indian with his own hand. After that discipline was utterly out of the quescipline was utterly out of the quesc Besides, we were now on quarter s. A secure comp was selected and fortified and we sat lown to wait for reinforcements. And wrile waiting, and with only quarter rations to keep up their strength, these gallant men certainly fought; fought one another! And these buttles wer fought one another! And these buttles were not entirely among the toughs either. I had a young, fair-haired friend, a boy in fact, and the youngest of the expedition except myself. And it become absolutely a matter of necessity that either this fair-haired boy or Rodgers or myself should fight one of the insolent bullies.

And so this boy finally went at his work. He fought like a Trojan and refused to cry out. He was beaten, mercilessly beaten:

out. He was beaten, mercilessly beaten; he had expected that, but he refused to cry out, and the "tough's" friends, not so hard at heart after all, interfered at last of their own will and led both boy and bully, each own will and led both boy and bully, each one blinded from blood and bruises, down to the river bank; and as they washed their wounds, they praised my boy friend gloriously for his valor.

Ah, me, my fair-haired little "Lum," this was long, long ago, nearly 40 years ago! And your yellow hair, like my own, is

taking on the whiteness of the snow banks that first knew our friendship. But, "Lum" Ray, I love you now as I loved you then. It was for me, a frailer boy, you fought, "Lum" Ray, nearly 40 years ago on the bloody grass there by the bending river; and I try to lay this little tribute of thanks at your feet.
Reader, do you know that oftentimes I

dislike to tell all that I might tell of these old days? I "tell the truth," but oftentimes not "the whole truth." The world has gone forward far in the path of civilization since then. Those terrific "fist fights" were as common, and, indeed, almost as compulsory, in those days, if you meant to maintain yourself, as the breathing of air. And yet, good render, does all this assurance assure you that I have set down here in this his torical narrative only the truth, the clean, cold, trozen truth? I fear not. Then let me give you this man's name and pursuit and place of residence. I am sure he ought not to take offense; I know, indeed, that he will not, although it is now more than 30 years since I have seen his face.

"Hearts don't change much, after all: Men are only boys grown tall. Believing that Dr. Holmes knew what he was saying when he wrote this couplet, and knowing that this stout-hearted boy loved and trusted me when we were boys together in battle, I know he will not be impatient care to know of the details, which I must hasten over. His name and address is Hon. Columbus Ray, President First National Bank, Hepnor, Ore. And now let us speed forward with the

And now let us speed forward with the conclusion of the war. After a ten days' siege, starvation, fights—both in camp among ourselves and outside with savages among ourselves and outside with savages that hovered unpleasantly close about—the long expected reinforcements came from the South. And then we feasted! And then we fought a little among ourselves, testing the metal of the new men, as it were, then another election; then bloody work began! For the new company had captured a small camp of Indians, and from them learned camp of Indians, and from them that there was a white woman prisoner on one of the islands in the great valley. And one of the islands in my throat. Was it really my heart was in my throat. Was it really she? What cared I for the desolated valley and the dead? What cared I if one or one dozen white women still survived the massacre? My only concern was could it be this one whose sad and silent face I had looked upon; this piteously beautiful girl whom I ought to have made my own? Only time and the god of battle could tell.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOST CAPTIVE. Let us pass hastily over the first three battles by land; or rather massacres. Their bloody details would sicken you. One thing I may mention. We detected the hiding place of one vastgathering of women and children; hiding where they perhaps had hidden for generations while the men than 20 miles above us on the river. One night as we sat by our guus waiting for dawn the pleasant smell of burning yew wood, the sandal wood of old, perhaps, drifted down the deep waters of the river from the camp fires of the Indians. This was followed up; the Indians found; and butchered.

Do you know that these Indians he used the yew wood bow of which the Bible eaks? Singular that the Modoc, the the Bible should alike have used the wood

men only lost their arms and their temper while floundering in the water. But two places were found where horses could keep phaces were found where noises could keep their footing. A second charge was ordered; the mounted men taking only a single pis-the tol this time in hand or on head, so as to be no secure from water, and at the same time many men firing at long range from out the is all of the 48 days.

tall grass. This second charge was re-pulsed also; and not at all by the continued storm of arrows, but because our horses suddenly came upon spears and elk horns and sharp sticks that pointed outward from the island. The water was made bloody and ruddy from their wounds, and they refused to go forward. At the third and final onto go forward. At the third and final onslawght the men stripped to the waist and
waded to their necks, advancing from every
side and firing their pistols only, while the
men in the grass still kept firing at long
range with larger artillery.

As for myself I sat on a horse a little distance back directing the fight. Suddenly I
saw a great commotion. Then boats shot
out from every side. It was a cunning and
a most carefully planned scheme and bril-

a most carefully planned scheme and brilliantly conducted on the part of the Indians. It was at once seen that they had lost all hope of defense and had raised the old cry "save who can!" At first our men in the water fell back. Then they rallied and fought desperately hand to hand, often up to their necks in the water.

Let it be confessed after nearly 40 years

that it was a great satisfaction to see so many canoes filled with women and children and old men dart through that band of and old men dart through that band of naked besiegers and escape to the wider waters, the willows, the grass. But for all that the water was red. It was the reading over again the bloody page of Prescott; the Aztec; Cortez and his boats on Tezcuco—the bloody water.

There was one little boat, indeed it was only two little dry bales of reeds lashed together as I offerward observed that I from

gether, as I afterward observed, that I from the first noticed with concern. For it held a young woman, a young woman who was singularly tall and slight and supple. There was only one other person in this boat, a bent old man. Guided by the girl's strong, sure hand, the strange craft got through the besieging party and came to land a few hundred yards from where I sat; the girl landing first, stooping low,running forward leading the bent old man, almost dragging him in her swift run through the long, green grass. I plunged forward; my horse sank to his knees, then to his belly. I ran on after the fugitives on foot. I did not even draw my pistol from the holster. My nisson was of love, not of war! But alas and alas, it was not she! The bent old man

made some enemies of soldiers, but he would have told a brave and ghastly truth. Out and up from the great rich valley of grasses and flowers the army of California

rode on the first day of May, leaving not one living Indian behind. Some of their horses were hung with scalps, as if they had been hung in black fringe for a funeral. The army of Northern California, as it rode out and up from the valley through the glorious pines, was literally loaded down with scalps, with plunder and with lice. I got heak to my own camp alone and on got back to my own camp alone, and on toot. And if the printer finds this manuscript hard to decipher, let the bullet wound and the broken arm that I carried back with me be my excuse for its bad condition.

And that beautiful and silent lady there alone among the savages? Never a word or

General Crook entered the valley from the General Crook entered the valley from the water right through the heart of the Modoc country soon after we left the Pitt river valley, and established the military post known as Fort Crook; and I happen to know that he made all possible effort in her behalf. But she never was found. Her head must be as white as snow now; from sorrow, if not

I shall go back to those pine trees this



The Boy and the Bully.

next summer, for I have a plan in my mind for making Mount Shasta and those stately pines a national "park. I shall ask again and again, although never so hopelessly, for some possible sign or token of the beautiful

But here we are quite at the end of the stipulated 10,000 words. My contract is completed. The story of the war in the wilderness which made up my life for 48 days is done.

As to the causes which led to my joining my fortunes entirely with the Shasta Indians at a later date I have n thing to say here. Much less have I anything to say of our war and battles against the insolent and encroaching whites. It would do no good to tell all that now. The Indians are dead or captive; past all help of mine or yours, you see. So why tell their wrongs or my boyish yet brave attempts to remedy them?

Besides that, who is there to witness as to the truth of what I should say? The story which I have just given you has many surviving witnesses. It is a fact of the history of the State of California, and the names of the best men of the State are witnesses unto it. Let us draw the line here and not be tempted to go farther.

Only let me say this that there is nothing at all to conceal or even regret in my life with the Indians. What is more, and what is most important, let it be borne in mind that when the new gold fields were found in the North, and we all joined in in them together, these same men, some of whom I had fought against to the death when with the Indians, elected me Judge. So you see that these men who knew me well in the days of old found nothing in my boyhood history that they could throw against me,

even in the heated fight of politics.

One thing more, don't think all men ignorant who love the woods. Kit Carson was a persistent reader. He really knew and knew well, more than most n books. He was an earnest man. Be in earnest; leave off talking about the weather and all such silly subjects, and see how much time you may have to think and to

As for myself, the first work I did after leaving the Indians was to procure a certificate and teach school. Finally, and in farewell to this, let me give a line or two from General D. D. Colton, the Commander of the Northern Division of California, and the command-

ing officer of our expedition, although not in the field with us. This General Colton was a great and a good man in his way and day. The city of Colton, in Southern California, is of his building. You will find his name among those of the great railroad builders. Far back of that you will see his name among those who bore a part in the sad duel in which Roderick, of the United States Senate, was slam. This paragraph is from his first and only letter to me, and is dated nearly 15 years after the campaign:
"Ye gods! And are you the boy that led "Ye gods! And are you the boy that led that expedition to such glorious results? I had lost sight of you almost immediately after it was over. And as you never applied for your pay I supposed you were killed. I only found out that you are you on reading the triumphant description of your Songs of the Sierras in London last spring."

That is all. Adieu, kind reader. That is all of the 48 days.

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JOY IN TRIBULATION

God's Providence Shown in the Trials and the Sufferings

THAT THE FAITHFUL MUST ENDURE Right and Wrong Conception of Christian

Duty Pointed Out. GOOD DEEDS NEVER UNREWARDED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Christ promised no escape from tribula-

tion. "Ye shall have tribulation." Christianity will not save us from the physical ills which beset men. The Christian, when he is sick, will be just as sick as the Mohammedan. A fall over the face of a cliff will break just as many bones in a good man's body as in a bad man's. Christianity sets no mark on any man's door which will make the angel of death pass over that house and touch no inmate of it. Contagion and accident, the cyclone and the fire, make no distinction of persons. Health and disease are not measured out to men on

a basis of men's moral merits. Neither will Christianity save us from any of the difficulty which attends success. Winning depends absolutely upon working. God throws no lucky chances on Monday in the way of him who goes to church on Sunday. God flings no stumbling blocks before the feet of him who cannot say the Christian creed. God rewards the worker in proportion to his work. The Christian religion does not offer itself as a royal road to wealth, to wisdom, to prosperity, to fame; it is not a royal road to anything except to the approving benediction of God, and God does not certify His benediction by any immunity from tribulation. Let us understand this thoroughly. He who breaks a physical law will be put to pain, no matter how good a Christian he is. He who breaks an industrial law will meet with loss, no matter how regularly he goes to church.

GODLINESS AND GAIN.

Christianity is not a utilitarian religion The world of Christ's day was full of utilitarian religion. Outside the border of the Jewish people, men and women who said Jewish people, men and women who said their prayers and served the gods, cared for the gods only in proportion as they hoped to get the gods to give them something. When they were well and prosperous they had no need, they thought, for any gods. But when they wanted something—when they were sick and wanted strength, when they were in debt and wanted money, when they were in danger and wanted rescue—then they prayed vigorously. Religion was a contrivance for getting good luck. Godliness and gain meant very much the same thing. The Jews themselves were not altogether free from this utilitarian conception of God. The Jews themselves were not altogether free from this utilitarian conception of God. When tribulation fell upon a man, they thought that the man had invited tribulation by some kind of evil doing. The old argument of Job's comforter still lingered in men's minds. If a man was sick, he had sorely offended God. If a man was born blind, somebody had transgressed, the man or his parents. If the tower fell at Silvan the men whom only the dust touched were the men whom only the dust touched were good men, but they on whom the big stones fell and crushed them—the wise and dis-cerning tower had singled these men out, and had fallen down just for the gratifica-

tion of being able to fall on them. Christ contradicted all this. He set Himself squarely against the utilitarian concep-tion of God. He taught the providence of God plainly. God does care, He said. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice; not a prayer is lifted up from any Him. God cares and God helps. But not after such fashion as men had imagined. Prosperity and tribulation are

IN THE HANDS OF GOD. They come from Him. But He distributes them not as men beforehand might con-jecture. Especially, He does not send property to those who love Him, and adversity and tribulation to those who oppose themselves to Him. Very often He does

themselves to Him. Very often He does just the opposite.

Ye shall have tribulation. Ye shall have tribulation—ye who have been My chosen friends, who have given up all and followed Me, who are doing your best now, and shall presently be doing better still, to do My will and keep My word, ye who love Me, for whom I pray and whom I love—shall have tribulation. When we have tribulation we come into that blessed company of the friends of Christ. We share with them in Christ's promise. We have no reason to believe that we do not equally share with them in Christ's love. Do not think, when troubles come into your life, that God is troubles come into your life, that God is angry with you. Do not think when sick-ness rets you in its grip that you are feeling the iron hand of an offended God. Do not think when death comes into your household and takes away the gift, leaving you in darkness and loneliness, that God has come and stolen a dear treasure of yours because

He wants to give you pain or even because He thinks pain will be good for you. People wonder sometimes at the universal-ity of tribulation. Sometimes it seems as if God does not care, but is only impartially indifferent. The fact is, however, that God has set certain great laws at work in this These laws are the basis of the best possible condition of existence. God knows that. So He ministers to us through these laws-or rather, these laws are our way of stating God's uniform way of dealing with us. One of these laws is that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. In the physical world this is called the

LAW OF CAUSE AND EFFECT. God brings this true every time. No matter who the man is that sows seed whose natural and necessary harvest is some kind of tribulation, he is going to reap just that kind of harvest, and no other. A good deal of what we call tribulation is only the steady working of this great governing principle of God. How does sickness come? We call it the visitation of God. But what does that mean? Does it mean that God out of heaven has looked down into a happy household and has said to Himself, "I wi household and has said to Himself, "I will send pain there," and straightway one falls sick? Is that the way it comes? I would not like to think of the father in heaven as dealing with us after that fashion. I do not believe for a moment that that conception of the visitation of God is true. Sickness comes because some kind of seed has been sown which grows up into just that sort of evil harvest. There has been an inbreath-ing of malarious air, or an indulgence in un-wholesome food, or an overtaxing of the strength. God does not make anybody sick, as one man might strike another. God does not make anybody die. Sickness, death, are but the garnering of some kind of seed which somebody has sown.

In the working of this great and wise law of God it comes to pass very often that they who love God most meet with the hardest tribulations. Great are the troubles of the righteous. Because to be right-eous means to render obedience to the eous means to render obedience to the higher laws of conduct. Not unfrequently the obeying of these higher laws leads to the disobeying of some lower law. Men have to make a choice between the higher and the lower. Life, indeed, is made up of such daily and hourly choices. He who loves God chooses

THE HIGHER OBEDIENCE. He is at liberty to sow whatever kind of seed he pleases; he chooses this particular kind of seed. He gains the harvest which this sort of seed naturally grows into. He loses the harvest which the other kind of sowing would have yielded. A man who has a space of ground to plant may sow it with either cabbages or calla lilies, or with both. But the more space he takes for callas the less he has for cabbages. He gets more of one, just in proportion as he loses more of the other. Thus all gain involves

The Christian is bound to have loss of this kind with his gain. The Christian, for

example, chooses between God and Mammon, and a good many times he loses considerable money by that choice. Some men could quadruple their income if they did not render so accurate an obedience to the law of Christian honesty. The Christian chooses between love of himself and love of himself and love of his neighbor. That choice is pretty sure to involve some inconvenience, some discom-fort, some added anxiety and work. Somefort, some added auxiety and work. Sometimes it may cost him who makes it rightly his health or his life. The Christian's obedience to the law of brotherly love may take him into the midst of disease, may expose him to the peril of contagien. He breaks a lower law which torbids him to expose himself to danger. He makes his choice. God permits the choice to be a very genuine one. God sets no separation between danger and duty. The goodness of the Christian's errand will not shield him from the smallpay. The man faces that from the smallpox. The man faces that fact. He chooses to obey the higher law in full consciousness of what punishment, pain, tribulation his disobedience to the lower law may bring upon him. When

BRAVE FATHER DAMIEN went in among the lepers he knew what would be the ending of that splendid venture. He knew that he would die a leper's death. He did not for a moment imagine that the God whom he served would interfere, to deliver him from that dread contagion. He knew very well what his magnificent self-sacrifice would result in. That was what made it a sacrifice. That was what made him a hero—that perfect knowledge of his fate. He singly made his choice. He took the path of duty, knowing that tribulation lay in wait along that road, willing to meet it like a Christian.

All that pain came on Father Damien just because he was such a genuine and devoted Christian. Father Cosimo, his companion in the monastery, who, not being a particularly zealous Christian, stayed be-hind in his safe cell and made no ventures among lepers, is living comfortably there, in all probability, to-day. Father Damien, after a hard life, full of toil and ending in pain, is in his grave. That is what a man pain, is in his grave. I hat is what a man gets for being a particularly good Christian. He gets tribulation. That is what I said, that they who serve God best have, very often, the hardest tribulation.

often, the hardest tribulation.

I suppose that when Christ spoke here of tribulation He was thinking especially of this kind. He was thinking of the troubles which accompany the doing of Christian duty. "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Because in the world there are forever present those twin forces—suffering and sin. And the Christian, in proportion to the genuineness of his discipleship, is certain to set himself to heal as much as he can of the world's suffering and to amend as can of the world's suffering and to amend as much as he can of the world's sin.

TRIALS OF THE FAITHFUL. And that means trouble, work, anxiety, rief of ingratitude and failure, pains of bitter opposition and enmity. That means tribulation. In this world of suffering and wrong the good Christian cannot exist with-out some measure of this kind of tribulation. Accordingly tribulation, in this sense of it, becomes a test of discipleship. You may know what kind of Christian you are—whether of the Father Damien, or of the Father Cosimo kind, whether of the church of the Thessalonians, zealous of good works, or of the congregation of the Laodicean, neither very hot not very cold, you may know by this testing of tribulation. If you neither very hot not very cold, you may know by this testing of tribulation. If you are rowing up a river you may know whether you are going ahead or are only drifting by the splash of the waves about the bow and by the tension of your pulling muscles. "In the world" the Christian is pulling against the current all the time.

The congregation of the Landicean, French touch added by a fringe of the two colors on the apron draperty. Finally the costume turned in at Daly's, where Rosina Vokes is playing and I had a sight of a fresh-faced English girl, talking with a shell-pink blonde after matine.

I have a sound impression that the dress was not finished in time, for the service—I mean the play—and the basting threads

pulling against the current all the time.

It is not difficult to see how tribulation in this sense of it may be transmitted into cheer. He who has this kind of tribulation knows that he is getting some Christian task accomplished. He knows that he is effecting something. Tribulation, indeed, may always mean good cheer. The word itself suggests the blessing which lies behind the pain. The "tribulum" was the threshing machine of the Roman farmer. It separated the chaff from the wheat. Tribulation always brings its gift of bless-Pribulation always brings its gift of blessng. What are the troubles of the righteous, but—in His own wise way—the Lord delivereth him out of all. In this world ye shall have tribulation-but be of good

God rewards spiritual obedience by a spiritual blessing. He delivers the righte-ous out of all his troubles; He transmutes tribulation into cheer: but He does it not by any prescription of medicine nor negotia loans, but by separating the from the wheat, by granting the spiritual

joy which accompanies a conscience void of offense by uplifting the character. THE BLESSING OF GOD.

The very highest blessing of God is character; and everybody who has had any ex-perience of life knows how tribulation helps character. The Son of God Himself was perfected through sufferings. His spiritual perfected through sufferings. His spiritual eminence was climbed up to along the steep and weary steps of tribulation. God rewards spiritual sowing by spiritual reaping always. He rewards the higher choice, not by giving the harvest of the lower choice too, but by giving the barvest of the higher choice abundantly. In the midst of tribulation God gives joy by giving strength to heav it he giving a revelation which interbear it, by giving a revelation which inter-prets it, especially by giving a vision of victory at the end of it.

"I have overcome the world." Sometimes the world seems invincible. Tribulation seems both purposeless and endless. But Christ has overcome the world. He has met its tribulations and changed them into triumphs. Trouble comes, but there is peace behind it. Tears fall like rain, but presently the sun shines and life, like the earth, is all the better for that visitation from the clouds. Trials crowd upon the soul as diffi-culties gather in the way of the worker, but the trials like the difficulties mean strength, bring their gift of growth. Tribulations grieve us, but "be of good cheer," cries the voice of the Master. The darkness keeps us perhaps from seeing His face, but here is His blessed, helping voice, the assurance of His love through all our troubles, the promise of our final victory in all our trials, the pledge of a blessed harvest after all sowing with weeping.
"In the world ye shall have tribulation,

but be of good cheer, I have overcome the

REV. GEORGE HODGES. One for Every Day in the Week

Boston Bulletin.] Mrs. Oldrich-I was very sorry to miss rou last week. I thought I had hit upon your day to be at home. Have you changed it? Mrs. Newcome-Oh, no! I have no regular day. Mrs. Oldrich-But your card says Thursday. Mrs. Newcome—Yes; isn't it convenient? I noticed them at the stationer's. They're such a neat reminder. I have a pack for everyday in the week, so that folks will remember just what day I



Young Slimson-No. no. Young Slimson-My dear fellow, I'm not DRESSING AS AN ART.

French Ideas and Spanish Grace Apparent in the Summer Gowns.

CHEAP, YET PRETTY COSTUMES.

Shirley Dare Tells How to Remove Freckles and Gives Useful Hints

ON IMPROVING THE COMPLEXION

NEW YORK, June 1 .- Dress as an art begins to be felt instead of dress as a vanity, and French ideas and Spanish grace have a marked influence in New York streets. The women who study fashions most closely and effectively are those from the West and South, where foreign sensibility blends with English correctness, though it seems as if any particularly striking fashion proves to be of English origin. The dress parades of New York women Wednesday and Saturday afternoons between 4 and 6 show such a brilliance and fertility of toilets that I prefer the sight to the matinees. Sunday, of course, till the swell people go out of town, shows the highest dress after church hours, on Fifth and Madison avenues, when all the clever dressmakers go out to catch the last ideas in fashion. But Sunday always seems meant for something better, and one wants a change from the rest of the week-the housekeeping and the moneymaking and the lovemaking and dressmaking-space for the touch which has all the fervor and grasp of these things and

can make us forget them all for a while. I like to go to Grace Church because it is so democratic in its costumes, the women of fortune mostly dressing like Spanish ladies, in black, and the rest very simply. China silks and even satines figured chiefly last Sunday. Think of it! wearing a cotton satine dress to church, and one of the wealthiest churches in the metropolis, too. I wonder how many women in Shagbark Center would wear a cotton gown on Sundays? But I began to tell about

A SURPRISING PLAID DRESS. out after matinee one day, a large, bright plaid of orange-tan and coru, so taking that every third man on the streets turned his head to look after it. I vowed to see the face of the woman who could wear such a gown on the street, let her be what she might, and started on a walking match, the plaid over a block the stars, a good walker and evidently with an object. But one can walk pretty fast at a smooth gait without seeming to, and eight, nine blocks I followed with that glowing gown in view. It was matched as only a ladies' tailor can match plaids, and the glare taken off and the French touch added by a fringe of the two

was not finished in time, for the service—I
mean the play—and the basting threads
were pulled out just in time to allow the
wearer to join her friends for the park
drive. One had a good deal more respect
for her after seeing her frank, healthy,
good-humored face than from a rear view of
her meteoric figure. But this is a specimen
of the surprising relating which comes the tan, but looking quite a contrast with it. Such dresses will do at the seaside, where the throng is brilliant, but it takes English nerve to wear them.

THE NEW JUNE GOWNS

on review, just before their owners leave town, are soit and brilliant in effects, without being gaudy, and are a standing temptation to the average fashion writer to waste the crushed pearls and rubies which she em-ploys in her ink to such iridescence of was stopping, to ask the Governor of language that one can only exclaim, with the Carlyle maid, "Oh. my, how expensive!" To compare the descriptions with the gowns disillusionizes. A pale, proud Undine, who has found her soul, but guards its secrets well behind her close-shut lips, in a dress of the faintest, grayest, dreamiest green sum-mer flannel at 48 cents a yard, a foam of lace falling at the throat and against the gloves of pale green, lace from the bargain sales at 10 cents a yard-I bought some myself and it was pretty-and the hat a scar of gauze held in place on the crown of yellow hair by heavy white water lilies with

golden hearts. That won't do!
Green tulle and white water lily bonnets are distinct Bowery style. No woman who has any regard for herself ever puts herself in rivalry with Easter lilies or water lilies in rivalry with Easter lilies or water lilies any more, because it is a little two pretenous, like the big white ostrich plume on the black velvet hat. You can't buy a water lily that looks natural on anything but cotton cambric, for love or money.

A PORTUNE IN BROCADES. Then the tall slender woman with a lot of fair hair, caught with gold pins, fold on fold against her head, in a coat of rich dark green brocaded silk, whose every button is a fortune in itself, with its enameled medal-lion set in a border of old silver, and the long Louis XIV. waistcoat of rare old brocade, in whose vines lurk everytint and hue that sunset shadings ever knew, so blended that they are dazzling. The skirt is scant to skimpiness, but the slender hips are lithe; shapely limbs make some exquisite changes in their swift, changing positions that quite reconcile one to the fashion. I know all about those gold hairpins. They are hard to find in New York at less than 25 cents a paper, and I import mine from Boston at 2 cents a paper—whence I also get all envelopes and note paper, vertivert root and hot

pourre.

Boston is the place to buy notions and niceties of this kind. The enameled buttons are high, \$17 a dozen at Denning's, and a third off on Sixth avenue, but that would be a fortune to some people. One would suppose the past centuries had never worn out anything from the stock of "rare old-brocade," ready to be produced on any and every occasion by sempstresses. But ladies who have the good luck to own any "rare old brocade," ladies like Mrs. El-bridge Gerry or Mrs. Eastman Johnson or Miss Furness, usually lend it to exhibitions and take care of it, in place of wearing it

BEAUTIFYING THE FACE.

Recipes for Tollet Preparations and Other Information for Ladies.

E. D .- The toilet mask will not cure pimples nor is vaseline good for them except as a dressing for raw, irritated surfaces. E. says: "I have been taking arsenical wafers since March and they have done me no good, so if you will tell me something to cure pimples quick, I don't care what it is." Try first this wash thalf ounce powdered borax, one ounce glycerine, one quart camphor water. Mix and wet the face with it twice a day, leaving it to dry on, then wash off in soft water. If after using a fortnight no relief is found, wash the face with strong soft soap at night and apply powdered sulphur wet with spirits of camphor. powdered sulphur wet with spirits of camphor. Let the paste stay on all night, wash off next morning and rub the face with vaseline. Bathe with hot water and soap daily.

To make white eyebrows a better color, wet with strong black tea frequently, say 20 times a day, and let it dry on.

Nana wants the quickest way of making the hands and wrists plump. Soak them in a bowl of hot olve off before sleeping and wear loose castor gloves all night. In the middle of the day rub the hands and wrists briskly ten minutes, first one hand a moment, then the other, and rub well with warm perfumed oil. Soaking

Mrs. M. K. H. writes that she has always had lovely complexion till & years of age, but the kin now looks tanged, and the sides covalish a self-down when

She has used beer as a tonic, and wishes to know what will take its place. It is not singular for the complexion to change after 40, but care will preserve its youthful fairness. Hot baths three times a week, coarse bread and cereals added to the usual fare at each meal, electricity in moderation, and unfermented grape juice as a tonic in place of mait is quors will probably remedy the complexion, and certainly improve the health. The clastic face mask might remove the down on the cheeks, otherwise a course of treatment for the removal of superfluous hair will be necessary.

FOR INFLAMED EYELIDS. E. S. M .- "My eyes are a very light blue and the eyelids are inflamed. Is there anything to improve them?" Vigorous exercise to stir the circulation will darken the color of the eyes. For the inflammation bathe the lids as often as possible with this eye water: Twenty grains sulphate of zinc to one-half pint distilled water, which will be put up at any druggist's.

Also take an aperient, compound rhubaro pills, or compound licorice powder, for which you must ask the druggist also. Directions for taraxacum and charcoal bave been already reyou must set the druggist also. Directions for taraxacum and charcoal have been already repeated.

Miss Meay has had a very clear white skin with plenty of color till the last year, and her face is covered in parts with small white spots not as large as pimples. Is apt to eft rich food, and is inclined to grow stout, which she dreads. It is rather hard to leave off all the good things to eat, and one must be careful to keep all the discharges of the system free to carry off wastes. Use only coarse bread, pie crust and biscult made of whole meal, eat very slowly, use no lard or sodden fried food, take acid drinks often, and work hard out of doors three or four hours daily, and one may eat dainty food without being harmed by it. For the white pin-head pimples, plerce with a needle and press out the contents, rub tar soap on the face and let it dry, and wash off with hot water. Take Seidlitz powders, Selizer aperient or Vichy daily for a week or ten days, using coarse food all the time at each meal, and a glass of grape juice or lemonade for breakfast, and see if color does not improve and flesh lessen. Let "Graittude" pursue the same treatment.

A Reader—"What shall I do to make my

lessen. Let "Gratitude" pursue the same treatment.

A READER—"What shall I do to make my face plump? I weigh 125, but look as if I did not weigh 120. Leat a great deal of oatmeal, etc., but it don't seem to make any difference." The treatment for such cases by the schools of physical culture is to rub and work the lower cheeks 10 to 20 minutes each half day. Rubbing them with sweet oil at night restores, plumpness, when used with the exercise. Work the jaws up and down, as if eating, with the mouth shut, ten minutes at a time. Also lift the chin as bigh as possible and drop it, 100 times at each exercise. This treatment should be kept up three months to see any marked change.

BEMOVING PRECKLES.

REMOVING PRECELES. Marie A., J. P. S., Blue Eves, and a dozen thers desire the shortest way of removing freckles. Try first, poulticing the face with a bread and milk poultice or almond paste worn over night to soften the skin, then wash, dry and rub the face with a freshly cut lemon, ale lowing the juice to dry on the face, repeating. the application of lemon as often as dry for two hours, and the whole performance for a week,

hours, and the whole performance for a week, Or mix a spoonful of best powdered mustare with enough lemon juice to make a thick paste and add a teaspoonful of almond oil. Mix well and apply to the face, night and morning, till the skin smarts. In a few days the scarfskin comes off, and the freckles leave with it. When they disappear wash the face five times a day with borax water, a teaspoon of borax to a tescup of water. Rub the face with cold cream or sweet cream, after these applications, to relieve any irritation.

Greasy faces indicate poor circulation in the rest of the skin. They demand hot baths, friction of the body daily, and are well treated by saturated solution of campior in alcohol, with which the face should be frequently wet, allowing it to dry on. Also bathe with the vinegar in which horseradish is steeped, washing it off when it smarts. A detersive cream which renews the skin completely is of great use in this ailmont.

To save time all persons desiring any article.

this ailment.

To save time all persons desiring any article mentioned in these letters will please write me personally. It is easier to order things sent to people than to answer the scores of letters of inpeople than to answer the scores of letters of in-quiry for business addresses, etc. I must de-cline to pass judgment on the merits of adver-tised cosmetics. I redommend none but those I believe entirely safe and useful, but cannot undertake to decide upon all others. Inquiries cannot be answered "in next week's paper," as the article is in type before such letters are re-ceived.

PLAYED HIMSELP FREE. The Adventure of a Russian Pionist Wh Wanted to Go to Germany.

Arthur Friedbeim, the wished to cross the western Russian bordet. recently for the purpose of filling his engagements to play in several German cities. As a Russian subject he was obliged to go through all sorts of formalities with Russian officials before leaving the country. Two weeks before the date was stopping, to ask the Governor of Livonia to ask the Mayor of Pernau, where he was born, for the consent of the Pernau police to the departure of Arthur Friedheim to Germany. Of course, the Mayor and the police of Pernau had nothing against Mr. Rejedbeim or his concert tour in Germany. and they said so in a letter which they se to the Captain of the capital by return of

mail. Owing to the wretchedness of the Livonian mail service, this answer was stranded in a fourth-rate postoffice a few miles from Pernau and lay there four weeks. At the end of the second week Mr. Friedheim had broken two engagements to give concerts in Germany. At the end of the third week he had broken four engagements and was receiving telegrams by the score from Ger-man theatrical managers whom he had disappointed. The fourth week brought telegrams and demands for an explanation, but o letter from Pernau. Friedheim was in despair, and he resolved

to cross the border without passes. He tried it, was arrested, and was taken before the chief of the district, who sent him to prison, after confiscating his papers. In prison, after confiscating his papers. In Friedheim's pocketbock were a package of his visiting cards and several newspaper criticisms of his playing. The chief concluded that he had caught the murderer of Arthur Friedham. He had Friedham, whom he suspected of murdering himself and confiscating his own papers, doubly ironed and doubly guarded. After protesting and appealing for a whole day, Friedheim got an audience with the chief. He reiterated in vain the statement that he was Arthur vain the statement that he was Arthur Friedheim, the pianist. The chief wouldn't believe him. Finally Friedheim begged to be allowed to prove his identity by playing. The chief, who was something of a mu-sician, consented. Friedheim was marched through the street to the chief's house be-tween two soldiers and was set down before

tween two soldiers and was set down before a piano. He played the second Rhapsodie of Liszt. As soon as he finished, the chief removed the guard, saying: "Now I know you are Friedheim." The pianist was released on his promise to return to St. Petersburg for his passes.

Upon his arrival in the capital Friedheim found the letter from Pernau and his other papers ready for him. Four days later he began playing in Germany, with a record of seven broken engagements behind him. The official red tape, of which he was a victim, so disgusted him with the Government of the Czar that he has declared his intention the Czar that he has declared his intention to give up his Russian citizenship to become a subject of Emperor William IL.



Wrung-Out Siders (the tramp)-Savia rer prayers, Skips? Skips-Naw! Dey're dryin' hope on